VOLUME 32 / NO 7 OCTOBER

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Photo by Carl G. Karsch

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

Thank God for Friends

by CARL ALLISON EVANS

FRIENDS are a great asset — in one's personal life and in business. Thus it would seem only natural for people to devote a great deal of thought and effort to the forming of friendships and maintaining them.

Friends — true friends — are important to our well-being and happiness, and we are important to theirs. All friends are sharers; close friends share our faith in God, our hope, and our love.

We choose our friends for various reasons — because they think as we do, or because they challenge us to think differently; because we have something to offer them, or they have something to offer us; because they are pleasant to be with, or because they find pleasure in our company; because they have qualities we admire, or because they admire qualities in us.

We make friends for all these reasons. And all are important — for they add to our pleasure in life, to our growth as individuals and as a nation. In return we have the keen joy and satisfaction of giving of ourselves to others.

Friends are important. Let's not neglect them.

"Thank God for friends, who dearer grow as years increase;
Who, as possessions fail our hopes and hands,
Become the boon supreme, than gold and lands
More precious. Let all else, if must be, cease;
But, Lord of life, we pray on us bestow
The gift of friends, to share the way we go."

On true thanksgiving . . .

When Prayers Are Answered

by DAVID GUNSTON

WHEN prayers are answered, and the blessing, deliverance, or healing for which we asked is granted, what then? Obviously, an expression of thanks to the Almighty. According to our feeling at the time, and the importance to us of the answer, this may take the form of a swift, heartfelt "arrow" prayer breathed instantly, or perhaps a time set aside later as part of our regular prayerfulness, or deep and prolonged thanksgiving that ultimately merges into total self-offering to God.

Only the individual can decide how exactly to respond. After all, whenever we receive a gift from human hands, or any help or favor granted, we usually say "thank you." Unfortunately, this simple courtesy — gratitude has been described as "the most exquisite form of courtesy" — is not always our reaction after we have received the answers we wanted to prayers. When things start going well, we tend all too quickly to forget the source of all goodness. It is a human enough reaction, but one to guard against.

Thanksgiving for prayers answered completes the process of prayer. It is part of it, and we omit it only at great loss to ourselves. To enjoy the answer to a prayer and then let it go at that is to demean and diminish that prayer — and ourselves. As long as we omit thanks, we have not prayed properly, or fully. That kindly and thoughtful writer Richard Church tells us: "To be grateful is to be offering thanks; and that in itself is a form of prayer, bringing additional joy thereby."

Sometimes, too, we tend to be so surprised at receiving a favorable answer to our prayer, often in a much better way than we had imagined or wished, that we omit the essential completion of thankfulness. It is as if we hoped to succeed in our praying, but expected not to — hardly the best basis for any prayer, least of all a petition. According to St John, Jesus, at the tomb of Lazarus, *before* raising his friend from death, cried, "Father, I thank Thee that thou hast heard me," thus combining perfect faith in the outcome of his request with gratitude for its result.

Thanksgiving is a much more important element than many who regularly and sincerely say their prayers have recognized. Writing in the dark days of World War II, William Temple said: "When we pray for something not yet obtained, our own wish, as well as our recognition of God's supremacy and goodness, plays a large part in the petition. There is always a chance that we shall be trying to use God for the fulfillment of our own purposes. But when we have received what we desired, to turn back to God and give Him thanks is simple recognition of His goodness and supremacy. It is a far more selfless thing than petition for those things in which our desires are actively engaged."

Indeed, it is a very good test to see how far our own self-centered concern has become uppermost in our praying to check just how ready we usually are to pause and give truly heartfelt thanks when the blessings we want arrive, or as so often happens in our lives, other blessings arrive of which we never dreamed. Nels Ferre tells how as an impatient young boy years ago in America, his mother happened to hear him utter a moaning prayer caused by long discouragement and his own inborn impatience. "Nels," she told him, "that's no way to pray. Thank Him and praise Him. Thank Him and praise Him."

There is always something of a paradox about prayer. It is obvious that only by faith and prayer can we win certain blessings, yet if it is chiefly for the sake of getting those blessings that we pray, then our prayers tend to be poor things, and may well not merit the blessings we seek. The answer is to put praise and the glory of God first and ourselves second. "The truly effective prayer," says Temple, "the prayer that makes a difference in practice in the world, is the prayer that is offered by the man who does not primarily care about the difference that he makes, but primarily cares about the glory of God."

"Eaten bread is forgotten," declared Thomas Fuller centuries ago, and as the old proverb has it, "Gratefulness is the poor man's payment." Before the Almighty we are all poor men, and if our faith has achieved good results, then thankfulness is the best coin which we can repay Him. Of course, one ought always to live in a spirit of thankfulness, for all the beauties and blessings of life on this earth, for what St Francis called "the sweetness of God." But when prayers are answered, we have every incentive to be truly thankful and no excuse whatever for not being so.

Are there any dangers in thankfulness? Only one, really, and that is far less damaging than being devoid of the spirit of thankfulness. It is simply that being on the receiving end of good answers to prayer, we may innocently imagine we are one of God's favorites, especially privileged. Instead, we do well to remember that whatever we receive comes for a reason, for us to use in furthering some greater purpose.

I firmly believe a truly thankful spirit to be one of the rules of prayer which must be obeyed always. Deeply spontaneous thanksgiving completes the circle of our union with the infinite. As John Magee affirms: "Engaged by the whole heart, it wipes away all discouragement and lack of faith, helping us to realize that God works in the present and not merely in the probable future."

Finally, true thanksgiving must always be more than mere words or feelings. We must express it "not only with our lips, but in our lives."

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Tibetan Buddhism

The Dalai Lama performs an ancient religious rite in Madison, Wisconsin

"The root tantra of Kalachakra was set forth by Buddha during his life. . . The higher meditations of Kalachakra Tantra can be practiced only by a select few, but because of past and future events, and in order to establish a strong karmic relationship with Kalachakra on the minds of the people, there is now a tradition of giving the Kalachakra Initiation to large public gatherings."

The above words belong to the fourteenth Dalai Lama, the long-exiled leader of Tibetan Buddhists, explaining the initiation which he came to the U.S. last July to perform.

The intricacies of the numerous varieties of Buddhism are subtle and often baffling to non-scholarly western minds. Nevertheless, to quote the Dalai Lama further, "if one wishes to receive the initiation merely as a blessing, i.e., *in order to establish a karmic relationship with the Kalachakra Tantra, initiation on this basis can be given to anyone who sincerely appreciates the opportunity."*

In this spirit, Fellowship in Prayer sent Sandy Brainard to the Initiation, which was held in Madison, Wisconsin. Following are excerpts from the diary Sandy kept while there:

The Kalachakra Deity

Monday, July 13, 5:15 P.M.
Lord, I sit here with my mind running amok. You would think I'd be happy being here. How come all I am thinking about is the heat, the hot dormitory room with the shower upstairs? Also the latest coed dress style — jogging shorts — in other words, lots of attractive legs?

I heard the Dalai Lama talk today. He seems like a nice man. I get this feeling of a Buddhist Pope. But is he really of the saint caliber? And so what, anyway?

This is the student cafeteria here. It's actually not so bad. Meal was okay. Perhaps I am just tired. There seems to be so much to read.

Later, 10 P.M.
In another restaurant. I am tired, looking forward to bed.

There are things about this Tibetan Buddhism I don't like very much. Perhaps my viewpoint is not fair. I have been so long into ideas and metaphysical structures — they all lead to the same place. Now I am of a mind to put behind me all those structures and focus on that place — on God. I feel this to be a distraction.

Not quite. I guess I still like the structures, but the one that is important for me is the one that is taking shape out of my Hindu readings and my experience. Maybe I am just balking at the thought of the work of trying to integrate more data in.

Tuesday, July 14, 9:45 A.M.
Walking down here to this pancake house for late breakfast, it occured to me that this Tibetan Buddhism seems secondhand. The words that inspire me the most are those of enlightened beings. Explanations are not inspiring. I would rather read or hear from another the actual words of the Buddha. Maybe this is it — that I believe a religion should be made out of the words and stories about the truly great saints and sages of that path. What that would mean in Christianity would be adding the life, works, and words of the great saints to the Bible.

No, I don't think this is it. Every religion these days probably has more faults than virtures in actual practice. If this were not so, we would be living in a much more enlightened, much more humane age. But we aren't and the burden of that rests on the failure of religion, and that failure, as I perceive it, is that it has come to mistake the outer forms and expressions of its teachings for the spiritual essence. The outer metaphors, words, analogies, parables, and so on are but lenses to see a deeper truth. As ages pass, people change. The eyes that look through those lenses change. It is up to religion to change prescription accordingly.

Science and modern technology have deeply altered our lives here in the West. It cannot be appropriate to transplant teachings such as these from Tibet without some awareness of who we are in the West.

I like this country — our technology — much of what we are doing. The problem is not the outer goings-on — that is just the manifestation. The difficulty is in the heart, the spirit. We are so outwardly turned, we don't seem

to have insight at all. Even a good deal of our psychology does not so much look for the true inner self as it does analyze inert mind-stuff and how the causal laws of mind and psyche work.

To all this, Tibetan Buddhism offers centuries of scholarly study of the human predicament: *viz.*, the three Kalachakras — External, Internal, and Alternative, which has the power to purify the first two.

1:00 P.M.

I am at Deer Park, where the Initiation is to be held. I am excited now. Kalachakra — the diety to be meditated upon: *kala* means "time," *chakra* means "wheel." We are being asked to identify with this deity "born into the wheel of time," grown up within it. The deity has four heads and twenty-four arms. It reminds me of the Revelations of St John. Today is the music and dancing.

5:20 P.M.

There are about 1,500 people here for the Initiation, from as far away as Australia. But 1,500 is many less than they expected, and I understand the estimated price of $75 per person is about half of what it is costing them.

I was very impressed with the music this afternoon — loud raucous horns and bells turning into an hour-and-a-half aria — sung — varied ever so lightly — hypnotic and powerful — broken every so often by the bells, very loud, many small ones done very fast, making the sound chaotic. I could feel the tingle surge up my body. Still feel it a little now in memory.

While I do not usually "like" these trips in the sense of finding it more pleasurable to be here than being back home, they are valuable to me. It is as if while I am here I do not feel anything of great spiritual worth going on within. It is all too mundane. Yet, somewhere deeper, it is like it was in India. So much came out of those two trips to India, but they are of a type of event that is not really noticeable until later.

All this is being noted down in the University of Wisconsin cafeteria called The Rathskeller (it serves beer). What is really going on, I suppose, is building bridges for these young people here from where they are into essence — bridges they can travel without insulting the real effort and achievement they have managed. Kalachakra is certainly not for them. Sad. What prompted those who came for it — the young ones? Social misfitting? Rebellion? Peer groups rejecting them? This is off. It is normal people that the bridges must be built for. God and essence must be brought back into the mainstream of the normal, everyday life of the intelligent, educated human before we can really turn this doomsday boat around.

10:30, Same day

I am enjoying this more and more. The music! And now these "wrathful deities." I don't understand them. I am told they are sides of the deities that attack and vanquish evil forces. But this is hard for me to see, as both Jesus and Sai Baba stress love toward all, even one's enemies. But maybe this does not apply to inner forces.

Wednesday, July 15, 7:30 A.M.
It is raining. It is comfortable here in the pancake house. I am not looking forward to the walk back to the dormitory.

This morning we have Colloquia lectures, first on Tibetan religious art, then on Tibetan music.

The Initiation is to be held over the next three afternoons . . . This Kalachakra Initiation is a part of the highest teachings of Mahayana Buddhism, which emphasizes selfless service to all living beings. In this teaching, one liberates oneself for the sake of others.

Buddha consciousness — emptiness — the void that is the true reality . . . The idea that synthesizes is a kind of nothing-is-left-at-all-when-the-ideas-are-put-together-ness . . .

Same day, 9:15 P.M.
What a wonderful question to ask oneself: "Who is the one that is living you now?"

The first thing we were asked to think about today at the Initiation was the interdependence of all things.

Now I am constipated and have aching eyes. My eye migraines are returning. I have been drinking too much coffee with no vitamin supplements.

I must imagine the Lord here — always watching. For now the deity is Kalachakra.

The bookstore was great. So much Tibetan Buddhist stuff . . . my mind boggles . . . I do not feel I need more concepts. The ones I have seem to be serving me okay. What I would like is a kind of guide for the deeper levels of meditation. Perhaps I already have one within.

The Kalachakra — the One God has so many faces. This one is slightly "wrathful."

The Dalai Lama is great. Today the first thing he did was joke a little about the hat he had to wear. He really put us all at ease. I enjoy listening to him. He explains concepts very clearly. I did not anticipate his talking so much.

Right now I have this red consecrated string around my wrist and I don't know what it really means! How did I miss that? I would guess it symbolizes a binding of myself to God through the Buddhist path — that's okay. It is the Bodhisattva that seeks liberation for the sake of all sentient beings.

My path seeks bliss through wisdom. The bliss I have seen as my destination requires love as well as wisdom.

Thursday, July 16, 7 A.M.
At dawn this morning I woke up dreaming about asking some of these Buddhists about techniques for meditation. They warned against my using them, but there was a stronger inner feeling that they were unaware of my development and therefore giving me warnings that they themselves received once. My inner teachers were in agreement with this feeling. (We were asked yesterday at the Initiation to put the special grass they handed out under our mattress and pillow, and go to sleep on our right side and remember our dreams.)

I am still confused about the inner significance of this Initiation.

All of us yesterday took the necessary vows with the correction of the motivation and the purifications. In life, of course, all these are necessary prior to the actual growth of wisdom and other spiritual qualities: one must first be properly motivated, then committed, then begin the purification process and the inner inquiry process (here symbolized by the remembrance of dreams). There are six steps: 1) correction of motivation, 2) request for initiation, 3) vows, 4) throwing "the tooth stick" (this determines appropriate action to take and is followed by a symbolic purification of body, mind, and speech), 5) visualization of the mandala, and 6) examination of dreams.

10:10 A.M.

Kinship: spiritual descent in early Buddhism faced the problem of transmission. How do you pass on the ancient wisdom intact without its losing its vigor?

Buddhism broke up and was divided to replace actual blood kinship as a means of passing on spiritual doctrine with a kind of spiritual kinship where . . . I don't even know if this is right. I don't understand this fellow at all. What is he talking about? A loosening up of tradition for the sake of practice?

It looks like a Geneogram — each spiritual family a part of a larger whole — each individual in his own right.

Initiation, 2:30 P.M.

Kala refers to immutable great bliss. *Chakra* refers to unaspected emptiness. There is unaspected as well as aspected emptiness. The object for unaspected emptiness is self, that of aspected is matter.

The Mandala — Outside light caused:

green	fire	white	yellow
wind	fire	water	earth

7 P.M.

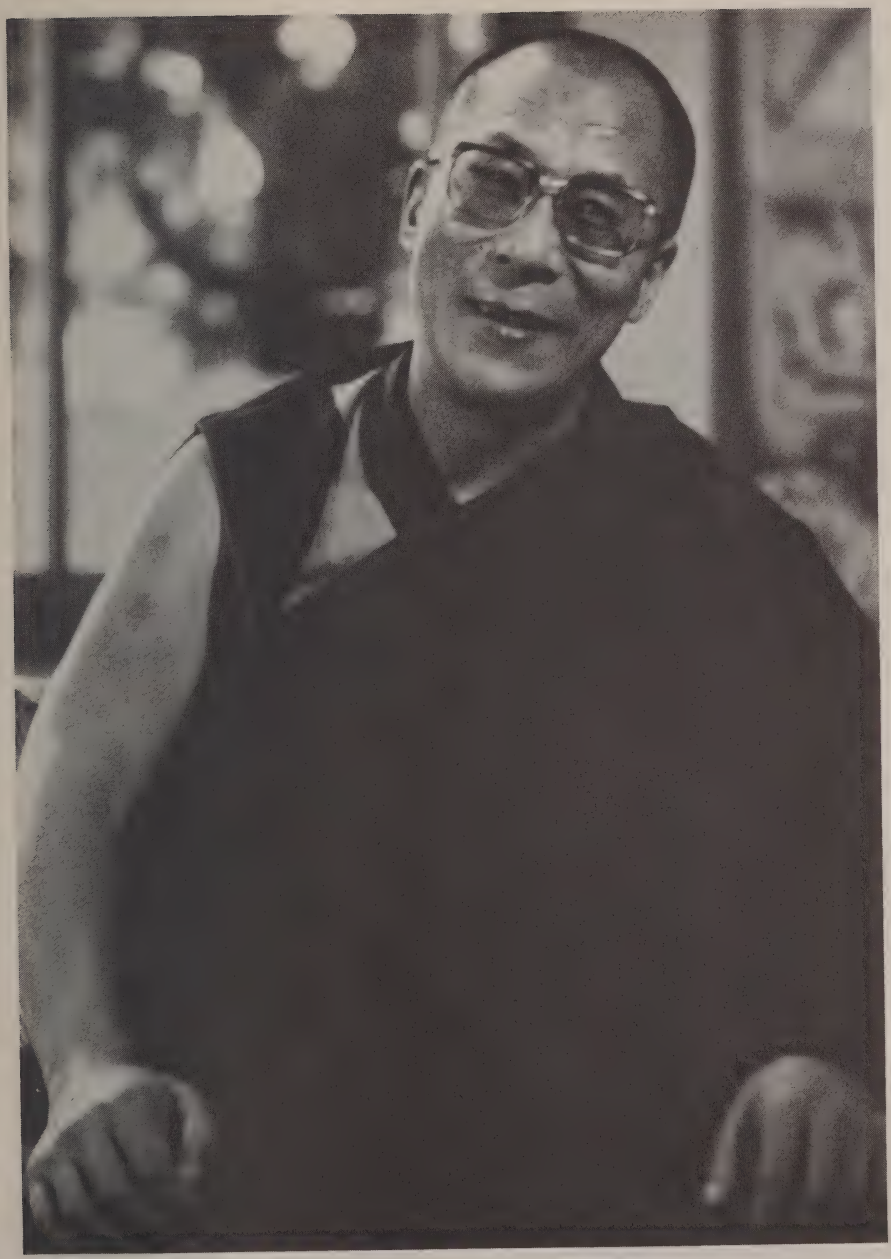
I am a bit numb on Tibetan Buddhism right now. All the deities in that mandala. All this business of essence so thoroughly worked out. All this intellectuality is boggling me.

But this is truly unfair to the Initiation. I absolutely love their sense of humor — now right in the middle of this very solemn event the Dalai Lama can make some joke about our being able to go to the cornfield behind us if we are hungry. And surely their system is worthwhile. They truly have one of the richest traditions of religious art and music. Those mandalas are wonderful, wonderful!

I have a question about this Kalachakra Deity I am supposed to identify with: he doesn't seem very nice. I would rather identify with Jesus, Sai Baba, or Lao Tzu.

10:30 P.M.

I found a book on meditation I like a lot — a little pamphlet translated from Tibetan. It seems excellent for me right now.



The current Dalai Lama

Friday, July 17, 7:30 A.M. — Pancake house
This morning seems to be a bust for any kind of deep thought. This wish-fulfilling engine of my mind just keeps chugging on, pushing my thoughts through. This is just wakeful sleep . . .

This is where I am in what I can see of the inner universe. All these programmed pushes and pulls are of my earthbound body. They will die and are not the true self . . . .

Evening, 7:45 P.M.
Well, the Initiation is over and at least right now I am a bit disappointed. I remember when I took "est" training, I felt such gret forces at work in my life and their lessons have remained with me. Perhaps it is too soon to judge. So much of the symbolism is beyond my present comprehension. Also, I do not have the Buddhist background of so many who took the Initiation, I did not prepare, do all the meditation, etc.

I write this in The Rathskeller with Bob Dylan (or '60) and Jimi Hendrix blaring.

8:45 P.M.
About the weather. (It is said that if great lamas gather in a place, the weather will be fine there.) And it has been fine, even spectacular. In spite of predictions, the rain always held off through the afternoons. And today, just as the Initiation was finishing, this great wind came up, the girl next to me started packing up and saying this was tornado weather, the tent started to flap, and they closed the sides, and everything started blowing madly. And the sound! But the Dalai Lama just went on as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

Saturday, July 18, 5:30 A.M.
Sitting in pancake house again — this time, in spite of the hour, it is packed with people eating before going out to Deer Park for closing Puja.

It has been wonderful since the Initiation yesterday . . . Last night, before going to sleep, my meditation was very powerful in spite of roommate Ron coming in and out several times. (I laughed: such things are in God's hands, and he came in just as I felt I was moving toward an extra-high experience.)

Sai Baba once described the final fruit of all this spiritual work to be like in fact a real fruit — having a hard, usually bitter, outer skin that is there for the protection of the fruit and which must be gotten through before one can taste the inner sweetness. Hence there must be effort and sacrifice. But once one has tasted the sweetness, even a little, the effort begins to diminish in significance. One is "bitten by the cobra," it is said, for nothing one ever does will ever match the joy of spiritual experience. Even the "skin" covering the spiritual joy — one seems to develop a taste for it, even.

The Rathskeller, 1:30 P.M.
Morning Puja is over. Lots of chanting in Tibetan. Boring. But the viewing of the Kalachakra mandala was BEAUTIFUL — a sand-painting with such fine lines I thought for a moment it was painted. To me this is truly high art — a

Tibetan-style building in Deer Park, Wisconsin, was scene of Initiation.

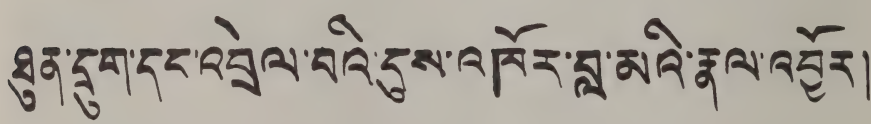
vision through form into the formless essence of all. How can such a thing not have curative powers? This to me is "art therapy" at its peak.

Sunday, July 19, 6:45 P.M.
When I was in India, waiting for the Sai Baba darshan, I noted in my diary that He sometimes seemed "all wrath and anger at my own lack of virtue." That capacity to love someone completely, yet be angry at their behavior, is hard to cultivate just as it is difficult to see all the way to the true self of a person which is not their behavior or their thoughts. Perhaps this sheds some light on where these "wrathful deities" fit in . . .

A note about the mandala: I suppose a westerner, with his all-consuming faith in modern science, might doubt the validity of such ancient wisdom ("How could they have known better than we do now?"). But it is wonderful and reassuring to note that all religions teach essentially the same thing. The Buddhist and Hindus have gone much deeper into the "mathematical" (almost) structure of essence, but we are not totally without such teaching in the Judeo-Christian tradition. The Kabbalah goes into those things and so do the Gnostic Christians and the Book of Revelations. And how about the visions in Ezekiel?

12:20 P.M. — flying into Philadelphia.
Reading some week-old *Time* magazine. This world, after the Initiation, seems strange — its preoccupations foolish, even sick. But, of course, this is just the Great Kalachakra Outermost Wheel nearly all of western man is so caught in. To the degree one is stuck in this world mind, attached to all this material circumstance as if it really makes a difference, to that degree there is no hope for that person other than death: no eternal life is possible.

This world is so beautiful in so many ways. Outside the airplane, sun on the top of clouds, some green showing below. Exhilarating brightness comes from above.



Glossary of Eastern Terms

Anatta: Buddhist term for non-ego. Absence of a permanent unchanging self or soul.
Arahat, arhat or arahant: The ideal of Hinayana (Theravada) Buddhism; one who has freed himself from all ego cravings and thus attained enlightenment.
Aum or Om: Sacred syllable or *mantra* used in higher forms of invocation or meditation.
Bhakti: Devotion, worship of a god through personal love.
Bodhi: A term used in both Sanskrit and Pali meaning perfect wisdom or enlightenment.
Bodhisattva: In Mahayana Buddhism, one who having attained enlightenment (*bodhi*) is on his way to Buddhahood but postpones his goal to keep a vow to help all life attain salvation.
Brahma: God as creator; a *mythological* concept; member of the classic Hindu triad of gods: Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva.
Buddha: An Awakened One. Refers usually to Siddhartha Gautama, the Indian prince who became an All-Enlightened Being, the historic founder of Buddhism.
Dalai Lama: The periodically incarnated spiritual and temporal head of the country of Tibet, now in exile since the Chinese Communist invasion.
Darshan: Spiritual meeting.
Dharma: Sanskrit word used in both Hinduism and Buddhism, meaning variously, according to context, the way, the law, righteousness, reality. "The path which a man should follow in accordance with his nature and station in life."
Dhyana: Sanskrit word for dynamic meditation or contemplation leading to enlightenment.
Eightfold Path: Buddhism's formulation of the eight steps necessary for "awakening."
Enlightenment: In Buddhist usage, refers to the experiencing of one's own essential or true nature and therefore awakening to the nature of all existence.
Karma: Literally, "action"; the law of cause and effect, sometimes interpreted personally as punishment or reward for deeds performed in former lives.
Nirvana: The attainment of final enlightenment: freedom from rebirth.
Puja: Ritual worship of images of the Hindu Gods.
Tantra: A body of esoteric Hindu religious literature said to have been revealed by the god Shiva for man's guidance in the present age. These scriptures places emphasis on the worship of the female essence of the universe, the Divine Mother, or *shakti.*

*From BUDDHISM: A WAY OF LIFE AND THOUGHT, by Nancy Wilson Ross.
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Two Sonnets

by ELIZABETH GERSON

Stay near me, Lord. O Heaven, hold my hand.
Infirmities are almost more than days
Can bear. The burden of the body stays
The sinews of my courage. Each demand
Weighs frightfully. My gardens yearn to breathe
Toward blossoms while their tender prays for strength
To nurture newborn leaves. The sunlight's length
Becomes my daily challenge. Lord, relieve
The downward draft of fear. Uplift the heart
With faith so treasured felt fatigue is gone
Like wisps of clouds that quit the sky at dawn
To clothe us in pure blue. Oh let me part
From anguish. In thine armor help me find
The joyous unity of heart and mind.

THE PRINCETON SONNETS — 1972

Thus gains and losses. Labors. Loves. And dreams
Abandoned or retained. Regret is scant
When urging stirs us towards a healing slant
Of golden light. The transient moment seems
To float with weightless centuries. Time lost
Is time retrieved. Pain known is pain relieved
By repetition. Let gain be perceived
As tempered triumph counting neither cost
Nor causes. Look not back on brittle days.
Regard not shadows in the silent noon
Of being. Neither mourn the distant tune
Nor laugh against its echoes. Simply praise
The gifts of life our caring Lord makes known
As we behold in wonder what has grown.

GAINS AND LOSSES — 1973

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What Does Biofeedback Have To Do With The Virginia Reel?

by LIZ SOCOLOW

LIKE all mortal forms of human endeavor, medicine often has to operate in the dark, not knowing why things work but that they do and proceeding to use techniques that seem to do more good than harm. Biofeedback seems to be a current example of an area in medicine where the state of the art is waiting for an explanation of how and why it is effective. A lay person's comprehension of biofeedback may be somewhat dim, but is probably not altogether uninformed. There are machines that can tell a patient about brainwaves by showing pictures on a TV screen. Stress can be controlled if the patient can learn to summon certain brainwaves and to suppress others. Meditational states give rise to alpha waves. Meditational states seem to help control stresses in the normal daily life of people. If stress is controlled, such illnesses as hypertension, possibly even cancer, can to some degree be kept at bay. Except for experts working with biofeedback, we can take such a set of propositions as representative of what a reasonably informed, literate American might know about biofeedback.

You don't have to be this informed, this literate, nor a native of Virginia, to have danced the Virginia Reel. But what the Virginia Reel has to do with biofeedback is a question that has certain analogies to how biofeedback may be working without our understanding the mechanics of its healing powers. It is, then, apparently frivolous, but possibly fruitful to spend some time pondering what we all may know about the Virginia Reel. For example, you do not have to be a poet to have noticed that the formation of separate points along two lines, the starting configuration of the dancers, the way they move

across the empty space between the lines, turning around each other in dos-si-dos, shuttling up and down the corridor between the lines, the points on the lines themselves twirling around each other and exchanging place, moving up and down the lines in an alleman left and right, cascading like fountains after the lead couple — that all of this in some ways resembles the geometry of shoe-lacings. "The Virginia Reel is like lacing shoes" is an observation that surely has occurred to thousands of Americans in the course of our 300-odd-year-history.

That the Virginia Reel also resembles and is, in fact, a loosening of the classical European minuet is an observation we are probably more comfortable with. It contains more similitude than comparing the dance to lacing shoes. We are less at sea and more at home if we compare one dance with another. That both the minuet and the Reel, like all dances, are forms of play, organized and structured, is, though a more abstract concept, almost more comfortable to us, probably, than comparing shoe-lacings and dancing. Again, human endeavor, dancing and playing, links the two elements with a likeness that has nothing to do with actual shape. Similarly, the proposition that play is children's work is a notion we have come more and more to accept in this decade. It operates in a pleasant equation: children are to play as adults as are to work. We are dealing with an augmentation, the addition to both pieces of the right side of the equation of some consequence and weightiness that we feel comfortable in attaching to full-grown development. Moreover, having accepted that children's play is equivalent to adult work has allowed many people to accept the notion that most adults are in some ways like children who also need to play. Adults dance the Virginia Reel.

Where we seem to get into trouble is in dwelling on considerations of mere form. We would not automatically ask the question: what is the difference between the configuration of a shoe-lace closure and that of the Virginia Reel? We might be far more prone to assert the obvious difference and close the question thus: the shoe-lacing is a fixed form. The Reel depends on motion. There is nothing at all similar between statis and dance. It's like comparing apples and oranges.

Fortunately or unfortunately, our advances in physics do not allow us to close the question so dogmatically. Physics is asking us to believe that what is going on at the subatomic level of the shoe-lacing may be just as dynamic as the Reel. This is still an idea that we have not altogether absorbed. It is uncomfortable to think two ways at once, and the task before us is still more challenging. Physics asks us to believe that even in the most solid and fixed-appearing elements of our world, tiny points of energy exist in moving stillness, or dynamic equilibrium. We are asked to imagine that these points of energy are winking, changing constantly, possessing charm and color of some special sort. In short, we are asked to imagine that quarks exist and to believe that if we want a picture of what is going on inside the fixed, stable rock of the Grand Canyon or the wood of our breakfast table, we could do worse than imagining thousands upon thousands of Virginia Reels.

Being American and practical and Puritan in origin, we might have trouble enough imagining our solid world in flux like that. We might, indeed, be

expected to resist the entire enterprise of forming images of anything we cannot in literal fact see, images which defy our senses and what our eyes tell us is true and real. If technology were not the offspring of our pragmatic heritage we might indeed be able to dismiss the dreaming physicists. But our electron microscopes, instruments of our own devising, allow us to see what we cannot see and lend some support to the mental act of imagining. Were it not for our experimentalists and our technology, we could have dismissed the very idea of these subatomic formations, the way, earlier, we attempted to dismiss the idea of a sun-centered universe, or gravity.

Science has been defined as "knowledge homing in on mystery." And science does its homing both theoretically and experimentally. Our vision exists in dynamic equilibrium with our technology. Our ideas are seen into by measuring tools of our own devising. And little by little, we have to begin to absorb the information of our supersenses, our electron microscopes and holographic cameras.

That might be easy enough if we were only being challenged by the physicists. All this while, however, the biologists have been asking us to contemplate our nature in new ways. They have asked us not merely to try to envision the shape of our genetic programs, but their configuration in motion. Effectively, we have movies available these days from the electron microscopes and their cameras of the progress of conception, the horde of sperm swimming up to the gigantic sun of an ovum, the agglutinative power of the ovum, the press of the cloud of sperm around the huge globe, the entry of one and only one sperm into the interior, the process of splitting, division, development.

More than that, the biologists have given us models of DNA, cardboard structures to assemble of the latticework of the double helix and its staircase ladder. It must have occurred to dozens of Americans of this decade that the shape of the double helix and its activity which, together, shape and dance, we call DNA, resembles the Virginia Reel.

The implications of this observation, however, can be acutely disconcerting, and so the dozens of people who, no doubt, had the thought have also, no doubt, suppressed it. It is, after all, only some sixty years ago that the rebellious Irish poet W.B. Yeats was asking "How can we know the dancer from the dance?" The stanza in which the line appears comes from the poem *Among School Children.* We are allowed to consider the question as frivolous. Moreover, the rest of the stanza, which concludes the poem, is worth looking at because the answer to the question is, implicitly, *when* taken in context: *we cannot know the dancer from the dance*:

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
O chestnut tree, great-rooted blossomer,
Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

The question is, then, something of an old chestnut, and the chestnut here is imaged forth as a tree with a connective stem and a root system, not altogether unlike a model of the human brain turned on an axis by 90 degrees.

AMERICANS do not tend to enjoy tyranny, having founded a nation in perceived resistance to it. Any suggestion of fatalism still tends to go against our grain. We are as uncomfortable with Jung suggesting there are archetypes imprinted in our minds, images and dramas that carry sensations of pleasure and of fear, as we are with Freud for claiming that biology is destiny. Both Jung and Freud affront our beloved notions of freedom and proof. And we are now beset with theoretical biology asking us to believe that both men may have been correct, and far more similar than their own oppositional stance, which we have accepted, would have led us to believe.

So, to observe that shoe-lacing in a very reductive form and the Virginia Reel in a fairly complex form are both a species of biofeedback, that we tend, both in our pragmatic geometries and our forms of adult play to, literally, play out our own genetic origin, to make manifest the shape of the invisible and substantiate the all but insubstantial — such a suggestion is at the moment something we would rather reject than deal with.

In point of fact (to use some of the big words to allay our fear for a moment) dozens of people have voiced the observation that we have reached a point in human history when semiotics (the study of signs), morphology (the study of shapes), biology, physics, and ethics have joined forces to try to get us to *see*. And dozens of people have asked us to believe that what we see, even when we use our own supersenses, those electron microscopes and holographic cameras, is seen *through* the filter of our own genetic structure.

In other words, the reason we see quarks in moving stillness at the base of the most solid and immovable elements of our natural world, taken according to our natural senses, is because we, at the level of our neurological powers to make images, are in just such winking states of impulse and control, not fixed, not simple, not steady, and hard to catch *except* in the images we project onto the shapes of other things like rocks, or shoe laces, or dances, or chestnut trees.

Our physics is a reflection of and a projection of our own internal structures: that is the proposition with which we are not very comfortable, because it leads us to lose anchorage. What is real? What is solid? What is us and what is it? Where are the boundaries? Can we ever know *it* as it knows itself?

These are all questions for philosophers, which I, personally, have tended to dismiss until now. But whereas philosophers often enough in the past have apparently had the luxury and liberty to retreat from the world of families and money-making, if families and money-making are also reflections of our genetic programs, we cannot say that such questions are irrelevant to politics, family life, the marketplace, the structure of corporations, the balance of male and female life-cycles, all of which real, practical issues have always engaged *my* attention far more than irrelevant, abstract philosophical discourse.

How is family life and corporate structure to accomodate the flux inherent

in our genetic make-up within the fortress of the frame of winding spirals?

What then of the visible shapes of things? Is it not bizarre that the design of eyes and nose, lungs and heart, ovaries and womb, penis and testicles, two-lobed brain and stem-bridge, are all morphologically repetitive and played out in the old structure of families? Is it not frightening that when Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World*, he was in prison, placed there by Queen Elizabeth I, after all his voyages of exploration? For thirteen years, with a minimum of sensory stimulation, he was forced inward, books his primary companions. The shape of world history he perceived in motion is precisely that of a double helix.

In that same great blossoming of western consciousness, Shakespeare lived and wrote comedies in which boys play women, who disguise themselves as men. His tragedies all involve heroes and heroines who are inflexible along just such dimensions, characters who cannot break out of molds and labels. The comedies, which end in order, balance, harmony, and, ususally, the synthesis of marriage, give us winking states of male and femaleness, partners who constantly change places and roles.

Is artistic and literary endeavor, then, not an untapped mine of biofeedback, declaring our root system, giving light to our blind side in the form we call insight? Are we not at a point where the implications of seeing design in the apparent violence and chaos of our lives could in itself become therapeutic?

It is, in short, *likely* that language is our chief form of biofeedback, that if we feed the geometries of DNA into the computer from many static angles, and then feed the syntax of our languages into that programmed memory, we may very well find that our grammars fall along the routes and paths of our genetic program. It looks as if our alphabets and numerals could be particles of the choreography of DNA. And it seems almost impossible that the movies we have now seen of our conception are not imprinted on our brain cells, giving us sensations of invasion, splitting, plummeting, flying, and dreams of fusion captured by artists for our *relief*. If we think we are alone in the power of those in explicable internal experiences, we can go mad. From that vantage of vision, the *Odyssey*, to take one example, looks like a replay and working out of the progress of the sperm toward the ovum with "stories" of fusion, bombardment, sneaky entry, engulfment, ineluctable summonings, the loss of independence, and the yearning for appropriate collaboration.

Given the advances of science, it seems a singularly inopportune moment to close down the endeavor of the humanities. We seem to have come to a place where the uses of the imagination can provide us with balms for the awesome terror of what we can do with what we know. If science is the homing in on mystery, imagining is mystery seen from the inside out. We can claim mystery as our own, know it, and allay some of our fears. But to do so, we need to read the signs differently. When our artists and our architects in particular build structures for life-supporting schools and hospitals that have five wings and a central gathering area we need to think not only of starfish but of what shape we might expect to find at the nodal points of our life-supporting chromosomes. The spaciousness at the center may be telling us something, as black holes in their explosive vortices of complete density are

likewise telling us something. We tend to find what we seek in an informed way and *thereby* cure our ills.

And lest this all seem dreamwork, it does seem worth noticing that our chief internal killer is a disturbance of growth, a breaking of boundaries without the return to the steady state of flux. It is almost surely chromosomal in its processes and progress, life turned to death, growth to suffocation. Funding for cancer research might in part be used to bring the shape-readers of our displaced humanist population into the laboratory.

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The Search

by EMILY SARGENT COUNCILMAN

Setting out to find the Holy Grail,
All self molded to shining armor,
strong white stallion, sharp honed sword,
I traveled far the bludgeoning miles

until, at last, owning defeat,
mount and armor long since lost,
I stumbled back without a sword
to the place of my beginning, found there
the luminous Grail and Holy Ground.

Fénelon The Enlightened Pantheist

by J.S.D. GLAUS

BOSSUET, the Bishop of Meaux, spiritual leader of the Roman Catholic Church, the great orator of the pulpit and zealous initiator of Louis XIV's religious policies, had waited until every circumstance was propitious, every avenue of escape closed. Now that Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, had committed himself to such fallacious and heterodox views as outlined in the *Maxims of the Saints*, Bossuet would wait no longer. The Archbishop would have to recant his expositions, and he, Bossuet, the "Haendel of oratory," would rip his adversary to shreds. The very fabric of Fénelon's catholicism would vanish like mist before the sun, for Fénelon's views would be found to be heretical.

In the later years of seventeenth century France, life in the Roman Catholic Church was agitated, violent, full of extremes. It was truly the *Grand Siècle*, for everything was done on a grand scale. Religious dogmas were gigantic, controversies frenzied. Arguments for and against religious toleration were issued by Jesuits, Jansenists, mystics, the Vatican, and Versailles. Members of the Roman Catholic Church who would not admonish their flocks with sufficient vehemence, nor reform enough Huguenots nor associate divine right with Louis XIV's sceptre, had their careers punctuated and suffered exile to forgotten parishes. Such was to occur to Fénelon after the publication of the *Maxims*.

There is a portrait of Fénelon (*see opposite page*) which shows us a handsome man of middle-age. The countenance is noble, the eyes penetrating, the nose aristocratic, long, and aquiline. The gray-tinted locks of hair, held down by an ecclesiastic's cap, flow majestically to the shoulders and rest on a collar of considerable size and brilliant whiteness. The hands are graceful, almost feminine, and are seen holding a book of prayer. Despite the austerity of the priestly raiments we are aware of a man with strength, determination, and gracious demeanour. The portrait captures the essence of a man who, throughout his entire life, believed that the pursuit of spiritual perfection was more important than accomplishments or possessions. To possess a balanced temperament, to suffer the misfortunes of life with equanimity and unvarying self-control, were to be his ultimate attainments.

François de Salignac de La Mothe Fénelon was born at the family castle in the Périgord on the sixth of August, 1651. He was the progeny of a distinguished house of good and ancient nobility, says St Simon, one that was rich in the dim glories of half-forgotten ancestors. At the precocious age of twelve, he was enrolled at the neighboring University of Cahors, where, after a three-year residency, his facile erudition led him most naturally to an ecclesiastical career. So, as a young man he entered the Seminary of St Sulpice and remained there for the next ten years. St Sulpice was the principal theological institution of the great Catholic revival which combined frosty piety, asceticism, and theatrical sentimentalism.

It is at this early age that Fénelon gave an indication of his visionary and mystical approaches to God. The authorities at St Sulpice believe that intense inwardness, scrupulosity, and probing were the diet that led to the understanding of one's soul. These characteristics were to come to fruition twenty years later when Fénelon's penchant for mysticism made him a ready listener to

Mme Guyon and the Quietist movement. At the Seminary, its pedantic unworldliness and singleness of purpose were the chief disciplines for one whose leading trait was not simplicity. His temperament was curiously complex. A great diversity of characters existed in him — the Christian, the prelate, the noble, and the writer. Fénelon's manifold talents required the parameters of morality; for, according to his preceptors, brilliance and culture were little unto themselves without a solid moral foundation. All of Fénelon's writings, irrespective of whether they came early or later in his prolific career, show the influence of the Seminary softened by his own very large concept of God.

After the Seminary, he devoted himself to work in the parish of St Sulpice until he was appointed Superior of the New Catholics of Paris. To this early period belongs Fénelon's intimacy with Bossuet, lately become the leading figure of the Church of France. Through Bossuet he became acquainted with that devout section of the aristocracy which Mme de Maintenon was soon to raise to power. Fénelon, in his modest position as Superior of the New Catholics, found himself surrounded by the magnificent, the arrogant, and the powerful. He also became aware that the question of religious toleration — now that the Edict of Nantes, granting religious freedom, had been revoked was being deliberated by those whose sole link to the kingdom of God were the vestments they wore.

While Bossuet argued from the pulpit that the Roman Catholic Church believed in its inherent right to administer justice to heretics, mainly the Huguenots, Fénelon showed clemency and kindness to the unrepentant flocks. This was due to his practical interpretation of man's needs. He was well aware that he must win the affection and confidence of his penitents before he could hope to lead them to the love of God. This measure of practicality was both unusual and effective in seventeenth century France. His counsels of mercy bore weight, and eventually some of the civil and eccleasiastical abuses disappeared. However, the nobility and decency of Fénelon's character were viewed as suspicious by the more dogmatic members of the Church whose orientation was more toward politics than salvation.

It is at this point that Fénelon became acquainted with the woman who was destined to be the evil genius in his life: Mme Jeanne Marie de la Motte Guyon. Since her youth she had been a victim of "religious experiences" which had definite mystical aspects. At the death of her husband, the mystical attraction grew in violence until she fell into a state of insensibility. Then, miraculously, a single mass freed her from the jaws of hell and not only redeemed her but in her mind placed her in a state of perfection. She now practiced all the virtues without knowing that she did so. She could not mortify herself because she was beyond mortification. She could not sin, because all sin is in the self, and for her the self had been stripped off. All she now did was done in God and done divinely.

The Quietist movement seems to have been formed by a feeling that souls were poisoned by the knowledge of their own existence. The itch of personality became at last intolerable, and the soul, tearing out its own vitals, threw itself — a shell into the arms of God. At first the Quietist theory spread among

Fénelon On Prayer

OF ALL the duties enjoined by Christianity, none is more essential, and yet more neglected, than prayer. Most people consider this exercise a fatiguing ceremony, which they are justified in abridging as much as possible. Even those whose profession or fears lead them to pray, pray with such languor and wandering of mind, that their prayers, far from drawing down blessings, only increase their condemnation.

Firstly. *God alone can instruct us in our duty*: All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator, and you will never cease to pray. Do not think that it is necessary to pronounce many words. To pray is to say, let thy will be done; it is to form good purpose; it is to raise your heart to God; it is to lament your weakness. This prayer demands neither method nor science, nor reasoning. It is not necessary to quit one's employment; it is a simple movement of the heart towards one's Creator, and, a desire that whatever you are doing, you may do it to his glory. It is not by a miracle, but by a change of heart that we are benefited. Make an effort to subject your mind to this discipline. You will gradually acquire a habit and facility. What is now tedious will become delightful; and you will then feel, with a peace that the world cannot give nor take away, that God is good.

Secondly. *The peculiar obligation of prayer*: It is with God that we must lay our plan of virtue and usefulness. Let us pray that we may learn what we are, and what we ought to be.

Thirdly. *Of the manner in which we ought to pray:* We must pray with attention. God listens to the voice of the heart, not to that of the lips. Our whole heart must be engaged in prayer. We must also ask with faith; a faith so firm that it never hesitates. We must pray with love. It is love that asks, that seeks, that knocks, that finds. We must pray with perseverance. The perfect heart is never weary of seeking God. But what is most important is the persuasion, that the simplest most humble mode of prayer is the best. In such prayers we find light and strength to fulfill our duty with meekness and humility in whatever conditions we may be placed. Deprived of this interior support, we shall be without strength in all difficulties of life.

limited groups of mystics without attracting general notice. It was not until a certain European notoriety was given to Quietism by the trial of Michael de Molinos, that it attained epidemic proportions. Molinos had been the director of fashionable consciences in Rome and after enjoying years of popularity was convicted by the Inquisition of grave transgressions both in doctrines and morals and sentenced to lifelong imprisonment. Orthodox mysticism claimed to be only one of several roads to perfection, accessible to few. Quietism, as preached by Mme Guyon, was far from being so exclusive. It was a movement of spiritual democracy, a movement which sought to offer mysticism to whoever wanted it. It preferred ignorance to learning, personal experience to the dogmas of the Church. Quietism longed to sweep away the monopoly of the Church and install a new truth for all men. In the Quietist theory two truths existed: the Allness of God and the Nothingness of all else, and man could not honor the Allness of God except by the destruction of his own will. To teach man that he could aspire to personal intercourse with God without the intervention of a priest assailed, of course, the whole system of ecclesiastical authority.

This controversy could not and would not be tolerated. It was to convulse the very foundation upon which the Roman Catholic Church had based its power: submission to its doctrines. Louis XIV was more than nominally interested in the controversy, for it had become evident that another divine power wished to usurp power, and Louis was eager to root out all signs of heresy in the realm.

Fénelon, until this moment, had been a dispassionate bystander in the controversy. His relation with Mme Guyon had never assumed any intimate proportions. Although letters had been exchanged and conversations had taken place, not the slightest hint of collusion had been apparent. Nevertheless, Fénelon became aware of the sway of favor. His friends in Versailles were trimming their sails. But Fénelon was a mystic who shared his belief with those who have meditated most deeply on the secrets of existence. To foreswear the evil and save the good which he believed to exist under the extravagances of the Quietists was his basic aim in writing the *Maxims.* He had no intentions of posing as the defender of such principles. He believed and wrote in the *Maxims* that it might be possible to conciliate an unbounded passivity with the tradition of the mystical saints and their reverence for the freedom of the will and the lawful ordinances of the Church.

It was at this point that Bishop Bossuet perhaps seeing the waning of his own empire, perhaps misinterpreting the cryptic language of the *Maxims* as the password for a great political conspiracy, — could no longer wait for Fénelon to see the error of his own ways. He would be forced to recant. Bossuet, combining extraordinary knowledge with an acumen hardly to be distinguished from inspiration, published the *Etats d' Oraison*, which was founded on the teachings of the Saints and the Fathers of the Church, but carefully cited so as to contradict the assertions of Mme Guyon. In the book is Bossuet's summary of Quietism: "Indifference between salvation and damnation, between the favor and disapproval of God, the suppression of desire, of action, of effort, of all direct employment of free-will."

Fénelon, aware of the consequences of heresy, asked the King for permission to present the *Maxims* to the Pope himself. The request was denied for fear of the effect of Fénelon's personality on the Pope. The refusal was accompanied by a peremptory order for the Archbishop to return to his diocese until permission was granted to leave it. He was to remain exiled, quiet and obscure, the pastoral father taking care of his flocks until he was called back, not to Versailles but to heaven.

From the time of Fénelon's dismissal to the final judgment of the Vatican, all the protagonists and antagonists centered their attentions upon Rome. It was very difficult to have the Pope condemn the *Maxims*, because such a condemnation involved the denial of much that was admitted by the Saints. Deliberations, accusations, retractions continued for two years, and still animated by his belief in the *Maxims*, Fénelon pursued his cause. A lesser spirit would have collapsed under such odds, but Fénelon fought on. Finally, the Holy See submitted to the Crown of France and condemned the *Maxims* as heretical.

The preponderant characteristic which had always been available to Fénelon now came forth in a burst of glory: his submission to the misfortunes of life with equanimity. His last letter to his friends in Rome after the judgment was, "I wish to exhibit that which I truly feel, a heart without resentment, a sincere respect for the Holy See and absolute submission to its decision, however stern it be."

Bossuet's exultation was inordinate. What Bossuet failed to see was the jealousy inherent in his motives, and that he had sullied himself forever by the political intrigues he had resorted to to obtain Fénelon's defeat.

Fénelon retired for the remainder of his life to Cambrai, and to the last held to his ideal of the duty of a priest. But more importantly than his earthly occupation was his belief that he contained within himself the divine message that God is everywhere, God immanent. We may label him as a mystic or pantheist. We may be aware of his failures and inconsistencies. That he often stumbled reveals his humanity, that he had God to guide him reveals his spirituality. Even in the darkest moments of his life, the luminesence of God's presence did not leave him, because throughout his life, as he said, "closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet," the Spirit of Christ had been with him on his way.

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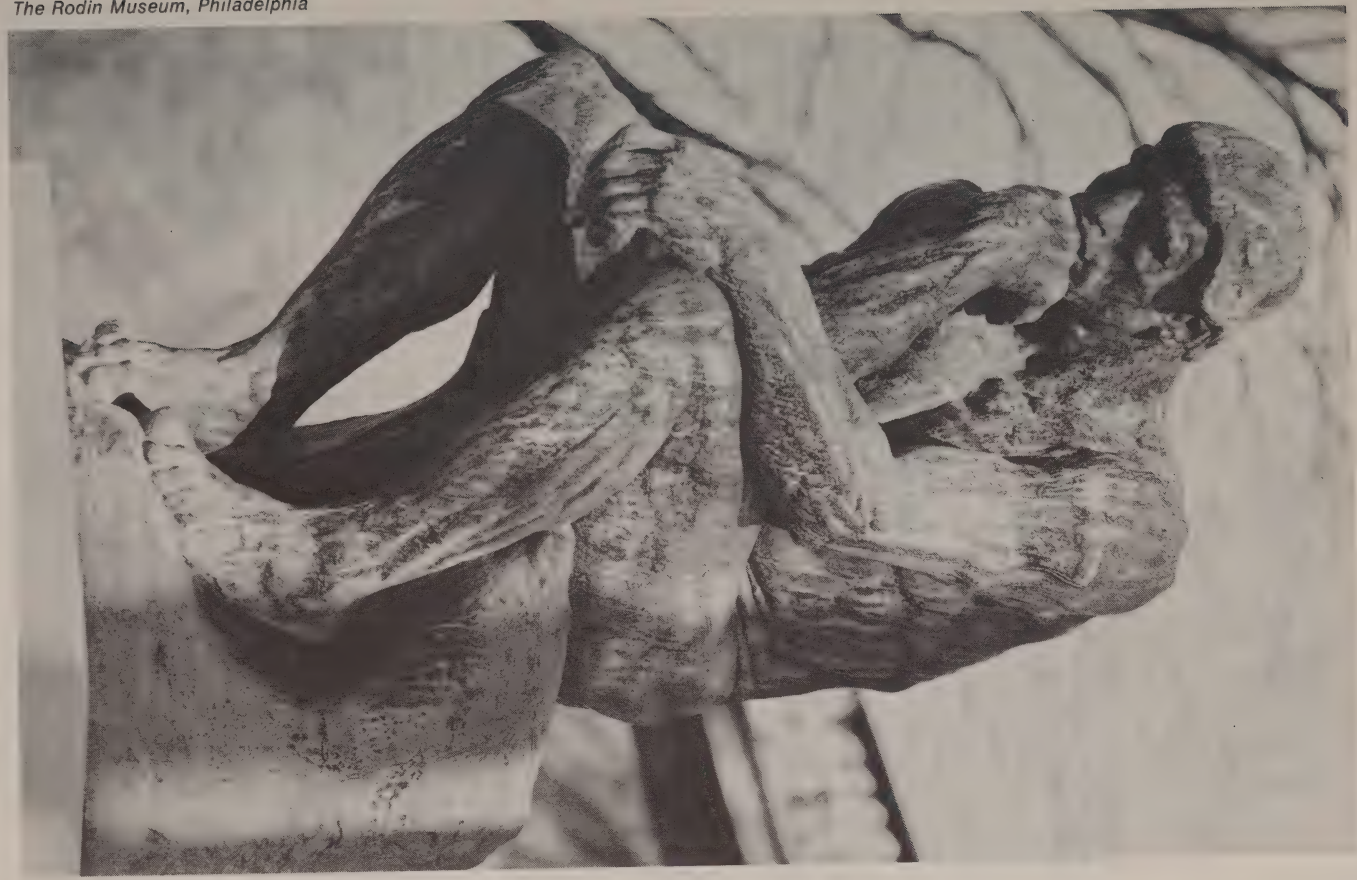
Three mantras you should never say: 1) I don't know. 2) I'm not ready. 3) I can't do it. — Yogi Bhajan

Aimlessness

JUNG records that "about a third of my cases are not suffering from any clinically definable neurosis, but from the senselessness and aimlessness of their lives." They were not "sickly eccentrics" seeking from the doctor an answer to the question of meaning, "but . . . very often exceptionally able, courageous, and upright persons." They were neurotic only because they shared what Jung called "the general neurosis of our time," an increasingly pervasive sense of futility. In most cases it went hand in hand with a sense of religious emptiness. These people were no longer able to believe, either because they could not reconcile scientific thinking with the tenets of religion, or because the truths enshrouded in dogma had lost authority for them and all psychological justification. If they were Christians, they did not feel redeemed by Christ's sacrificial death; if they were Jews, the Torah offered them no support. Thus they lacked the protection afforded by being rooted in a religious tradition. The man safely ensconced in religion will never entirely lose himself in the darkness and loneliness of a meaningless world, and in Jung's experience no one is really healed, and no one finds his meaning, "who did not regain his religious outlook. This of course has nothing to do with a particular creed or membership of a church." — From THE MYTH OF MEANING by Aniela Jaffe (Penguin Books)

The Rodin Museum, Philadelphia



Delivering the Goods

A short story by SALMON RYDER

PRESENTLY I will get in my car with my daughters and drive for six hours with a toothache, only to arrive home in Central New Jersey without food in the house or aspirin on the shelf. Mah-ling will report on the cats, and Sven, although he has no aspirin, will offer me painkillers left over from another trauma which, however, he will recommend against my taking with the whisky I will be into by then. Later Paul will come in, preceded by his new twenty-year-old Colombian boyfriend seeking my advice about Paul and love. But right now I am in the sitting room of the Devonshire Nursing Home on Lafayette Street in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and am feeding lunch to my ninety-four-year-old father who sits in front of me in a wheelchair with his tired old head supported by a brace and accepting with an incresing expertise the spoonfuls of food which I, with equally increasing expertise, administer to him in a rhythm of "Open up, here we go, okay, fine." I go round and round the plate, announcing each item as I offer him first some meat, then some potatoes, and finally some peas. Everything has been put through the blender. My father eats, without his teeth, until everything is gone, including the piece of soft white bread, a glass of milk, a cup of tea, and some ice cream. "Dad?" "Mmm." "Do you remember where your people were from in Ireland?" "County Kildare," he says thickly. "Your mother was from Kildare?" "Mmm," and a nearly vigorous nod of the head. "And your father was from Kildare, too?" "Mmm," and another nearly vigorous nod. I have been after this information for five years. The last time I tried to get it from him, he offered instead a recitation of all the counties of Ireland. "Do you remember what towns, Daddy?" I persist. It is the second time in ten minutes I have called him Daddy. My daughters behind me on the couch are impressed. "Can't remember," my father manages. "Can't remember." "It's all right," I say. "How about some mashed potatoes?" "Mmm." "Open up." His mouth opens slowly and he stares as if blind from watery gray-blue eyes. "Here we go," and he closes his mouth on the spoon. "Okay," I say and remove the spoon, adding, "Fine," as I nod approval and move to the pureed peas. "You must have done this for me, Dad," say I, and I prepare to say what I have planned. "Mum's gone, you know, Dad," and he knows, gasping mildly as tears spill on his lonely cheeks. "We buried her beside your mother and father with your brothers and sisters four months ago." "Saint Mary's?" he asks through his tears, and I say, "Yes, William and Catherine and I buried her in Saint Mary's Cemetery beside your family." He signs deeply. "Terrible. Awful," he says. "When I found out . .

." "I know," I interrupt. "It was sad, but she's all right now." He grasps my hand. "Thank you," he says. "Thank you." "Do you want to talk to a priest?" I ask, and he squeezes my hand, almost smiling at what he is about to say. "The priest here is bad. No understanding. A lot of talk." I am having to divine most of these words, conjuring them from the thickness of his speech and the depths of his need and my own imagination. I picture the priest on his nursing-home rounds, offering hollow solace and short-term optimism to the dying and old. For a moment I consider telling him about the priest who said the funeral mass for my mother in April and eulogized her with a delicacy, respect, and intelligent compassion that astonished me at the time. Should I tell him about the ride from the funeral home in Salem, in the limousine with Mum's surviving older sisters and my brother and his wife and my sister and her husband, passing the office building where she worked, slowly driving to the church in Marblehead, and afterwards through Swampscott and past the summer hotel I worked in once, and then on to Lynn where he was born, and finally to the graveyard on the side of a hill where my mother was buried while a gull watched and the priest smiled pleasantly up at the sky? Maybe I could talk to the priest before I go back to New Jersey and get him to call on my father, but right this moment my father is in effect going to confession to me. I become the good priest and murmur sacerdotally a benevolent forgiveness as my father recounts his guilts. My daughters behind me are listening intently but little can be understood. My father cries and I squeeze his hand, considering tears myself but deciding against them because of the girls. Then I say firmly, "Daddy you're a fair and honest man." He blinks up quickly and stares through his tears at me, seeing me almost as if for the very first time. "They always said that at the office," he says. "It's true," I say. "You've been a good father and a good husband. I'm proud of you." "But William," he interrupts, and I don't know if he's talking about my brother or talking to me using my brother's name as he so often does, but I plunge ahead. "You're forgiven for everything. Don't worry any more. Everything is forgiven, and you should be proud." "I am proud," he says. "I am proud." "We all love you," I say, and he murmurs, "Thank you. Thank you." "I've got to go now, Dad. Here's a kiss from my older daughter," and T. kisses him nearly in tears. "Good-bye, Grampie," she says and goes to wait by the door. "And here's a kiss from my younger daughter," I say, and M. delivers the goods again, and finally so do I, going out then with my girls, not looking back, as they say, and not crying myself until I write these words.

I Know Whose Prayer Would Make Me Whole

by JIM PANOS

MY MOTHER died in 1924, of tuberculosis, in Saranac Lake, N.Y., where she was buried.

I was four at the time. I remember almost nothing about her. I have a few snapshots of her, of a young woman with smiling eyes and long, straight black hair, done in an old-fashioned bun at the back, and that's all. Her image in my mind is far more photograph than memory. All my life, I've wanted to go to Saranac, to see where she lived out the last days of her life, to visit her grave, to bridge the gap between us with something more tangible than a handful of fading photographs, but the routine of living always intervened. Finally, half a century after her death, I managed it.

Locating her grave site needed some detective work. Where to begin? I knew only her name and approximate year of death. My facts were sparse indeed. My father, who would have known more, was long since gone, too. I contacted a friend, a funeral director, who in turn contacted the Fortune Funeral Home in Saranac Lake, and, amazingly, I had the name of the cemetery and the number of my mother's grave in a matter of days.

My wife and I made the trip over a summer weekend. We flew to Adirondack Airport, hired a car and drove to Saranac Lake. We drove about town for a while, somehow always winding up on Main Street. The town seemed dreary and depressed on that rainy summer Saturday. Main Street dead-ended, beyond the Saranac River, in front of a large yellow frame building, where we made a U-turn each time. We visited the Robert Louis Stevenson cottage, where the frail writer spent almost two years in search of the elusive cure of the tuberculosis that racked him to the end of his life. Finally, we made our way to the Fortune Funeral Home.

"Let me call the cemetery caretaker for a map," Mr Fortune, the proprietor, said. "This grave number is in an old section I'm not too familiar with."

He made his call. "Charlie's gone fishing for the day," he said. "But let's go over to Pine Ridge Cemetery. The door to the gatehouse may be open."

Pine Ridge Cemetery was in the very center of town completely encircled by it, without so much as a proper entrance of its own. We followed Mr Fortune's car over a bumpy dirt road that led to a lumberyard — and there it was, hemmed in by the grim back sides of clapboard houses and an abandoned railroad track. It was relatively small, sloping down the side of a low hill, serene, peaceful and strewn with uncrowded tombstones.

Mr Fortune tried the gatehouse door. It was locked.

"I guess we'll have to try again tomorrow," he said, and our hearts sank. "I'll call Charlie about the keys tonight." He must have seen the disappointment in our eyes, for he hastened to add, "If you want to look around for yourselves, feel free. It should be somewhere in there." He made a broad sweep with his arm that took in three-quarters of the cemetery. "Don't bother with that section — that's mostly new. And don't expect too much. Some of these old graves have only markers — no tombstones."

It was a chilly, overcast morning with a fine, penetrating mist. It had been raining most of that summer in the Adirondacks. The cemetery was alive with gnats. We kept moving at a pace, swishing the pesky things away, as we searched for the marker of my mother's grave. We covered a good part of the cemetery, looking at the marker's that were, more often than not, out of sequence. In less than half an hour, we were ready to give up, our determination sapped by the vanity of the search and the persistence of the gnats.

By the time we reached our motel, the mist had turned to rain. Frustrated and disheartened, our weekend a shambles, we slumped into a couch and turned on the TV.

Presently there came a knock on the door. I opened it. A beaming Mr Fortune stood framed in it.

"I found it!" he cried triumphantly. "I got the keys from Charlie's wife and went and found the records."

He handed me two documents: my mother's death certificate and the record of her funeral. Her death certificate indicated that she had been born in Greece in 1897, that she had lived in the United States for eight years, that she had resided at 4 Riverside Drive, Saranac Lake, N.Y., and that she had died on November 28, 1924 — at age 27. Cause of death: pulmonary tuber-

culosis.

The record of her funeral, dated the next day, gave the number of her plot as NR-84, the cost of her embalming as $68, and the opening of her grave as $15. It was marked paid.

"It has a substantial stone, too," Mr Fortune said.

"How come they give her residence as 4 Riverside Drive?" I said. "Wasn't she in the sanatorium?"

"Apparently not," Mr Fortune said. "It wasn't easy to get into Trudeau Sanatorium, which you probably heard of. It was always crowded. Besides it was expensive. In those days, many local families took in tuberculars as boarders."

"Wasn't that risky for them?" my wife asked.

"No, not really. TB is not all that contagious. It can only be transmitted by direct contact. Matter of fact, taking in tuberculars was something of a local industry at that time."

"Where is 4 Riverside Drive?" I said.

"You can't miss it," Mr Fortune said. "Do you know where Main Street is?" I nodded. "Do you know where the Saranac River is?" I nodded. "Well, Riverside Drive runs into the end of Main Street on the other side of the river. Number 4 is that big, yellow frame apartment house."

The yellow frame house? My spine tingled.

We followed Mr Fortune back to Pine Ridge Cemetery. He surprised us by driving to the section he had asked us not to search that morning. We got out of our cars and walked with him to a cluster of graves on level ground. He pointed to one of them. He didn't have to. My mother's name reached out to me from her headstone.

"I'll leave you alone now," Mr Fortune said.

We thanked him.

It was a small stone, about a foot and a half high, a foot wide and six inches thick, gently arched at the top and slanting forward in a humble, prayerful stance. A simple cross, carved on the upper half of the stone, cast its silent blessing on my mother's name beneath it. Beneath that, her landmark years on this earth, carved generously as "1867-1924" by a careless stone mason, who had inverted the 9 in the year of her birth. The small stone stood in a quiet corner of the cemetery, facing a tight row of tall, strong pines and the broad meadows of eternity beyond.

I had found my mother. She was here, at my feet, neglected and alone. In this distant burial place, she may never have had a visitor in the 50 years since her death. My visit had been long overdue.

My wife had brought a sapling tree from our garden at home. We planted it lovingly by my mother's graveside.

As we stood in a moment of prayer afterwards, the closing lines of Rudyard Kipling's poem with its haunting refrain rang through my mind:

"If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayer would make me whole,
Mother o'mine, O, mother o'mine . . ."

Man Of Causes

Jesuit Daniel Berrigan is a professional disobient

by BRUCE NIXON

THE TRAIN through Princeton Junction was late and the sharp wind was chilly enough to cut through the Reverend Daniel Berrigan's wooly gray Icelandic jacket.

To picture this, you have to see Daniel Berrigan close up, relaxed after the evening's lecture, standing expectantly under the dim station lights, or riding to the station in a dark, cramped automobile. There is eloquence in the lines around his eyes, in the way his face is set: it is the face of a man who has done very little in his life for which he is ashamed, perhaps; a man who has confidence in his convictions and faith; a weary man who loves freedom so much that he would sacrifice his own to save it; a man of unceasing vigilance; an honest man.

"You don't get tired of struggling," he said, turning around in the automobile. Then he laughed: "No, you just get tired. But the point is, you don't lie down."

This was mid-April. In early September, 1980, Daniel Berrigan was one of eight people who entered a General Electric plant in King of Prussia, Pa., and attempted to destroy a Minuteman Mark 12A nuclear warhead. In March, the eight were convicted. They had represented themselves in court with humanistic attitudes and arguments; their crimes had been freely admitted. Berrigan — a Jesuit priest who writes poetry and works in a New York hospital for the terminally ill — was waiting for an undetermined day in May when the court would set an appeal date. And so, while he was still free to walk the streets and sidewalks, and breathe in the smell of spring flowers and fresh green leaves and stand alone in railway stations, he was taking his cause to the people. He is a man of causes, after all, a sort of professional civil disobedient. He had spoken to crowds in five cities during the previous week.

"In the Jesuit order," he said, "there's been a tremendous change over the years. Once I might have been a source of embarrassment. This time, they posted bail, behind a good deal of support within the church."

"Look," he said, his voice dropping, becoming more serious. "The Bible is a political book, filled with instructions on the civic responsibilities of the individuals within a community. I would remind you of the words of Martin Luther King: we go from the church to preach the truth. The church is a point of departure, a place to march from. It's not a place to stay in, or hang out in. Most Christians get so attached to the church that they forget the world. There's a lot of that going around these days. Church people must be publicly responsible."

The Reverend Daniel Berrigan has lived by his own advice. He was arrested with a group that burned draft records in Catonsville, Md., in 1967. He has been arrested at demonstrations against the bombing of Cambodia in 1973, and in protests in New York and Washington against government and military policies. He is familiar with several federal penitentiaries. He has

been, on occasion, an involuntary guest.

"If the action in King of Prussia had been merely symbolic," he said, "I wouldn't be in this particular situation. If it had been merely symbolic, would we have made our point? We had to do more, to make it politically valid. You have to do more than just pray! I make sense to myself. That is a spiritual accomplishment of the highest order, considering all that has been thrust upon us."

"After Hiroshima," he added, "nobody inherits peace. Nobody inherits freedom. You have to create it! Forge it! Beat it out! In times like these, people are called upon to be responsible."

His voice dropped again: "What did we accomplish? Who knows? I don't think the score is in yet. But I think it touched a lot of people, more than the protests we were involved in during the Vietnam years. There was a lot of hatred around then."

The lecture at Princeton University was what you might expect from such a man. Daniel Berrigan talked about the trial. He also talked about his fear of an approaching nuclear holocaust and his notions of how the threat of nuclear war casts its shadow across American society and government, and how a government in continual preparation for war slowly wears away at the moral and spiritual being of its people: "There is little talk today about humanity," he said toward the end of his lecture. "It is viewed in education, in government, in corporate life as something old-fashioned. Because of the constant presence of nuclear weapons and the constant threat of totally devastating war, we are asked to get used to mass murder as an instrument of modern society. We are asked to want less and less from one another. We are asked to blunt our honesty and our conscience. We are being asked to revert to the point where conscience is expendable and residual."

Berrigan also spoke of the twelve men and women of the jury that ultimately convicted him, referring to them in terms of their own spiritual dilemmas: "They are ourselves," he said, "a jury of peers, the conscience of the community. They were people rocking back and forth in a personal crisis, facing a new kind of criminal and a new kind of moral passion. There they sat, and listened and wept. A remarkable thing — and so unexpected — was that a few wanted to acquit us of all charges, and these were working people, like anybody else. But I think they were typical of millions of people in this country, people who await a moment of hope in this horrible death-game. They were a revelation of goodness."

Before going to the General Electric plant in King of Prussia, the eight had gathered for a three-day retreat. Berrigan said they had prayed together, asked for strength and guidance. The prosecuting attorney said they were engaged in criminal conspiracy.

Berrigan said: "We have been victimized by modern society to the point where we are willing to question the limits of our freedom. In us, the government is confronted with a terrific dilemma. To come down hard or turn away. To come down hard, they risk widening the resistance. And yet they can't just leave us be."

Photo by Michael Plunkett

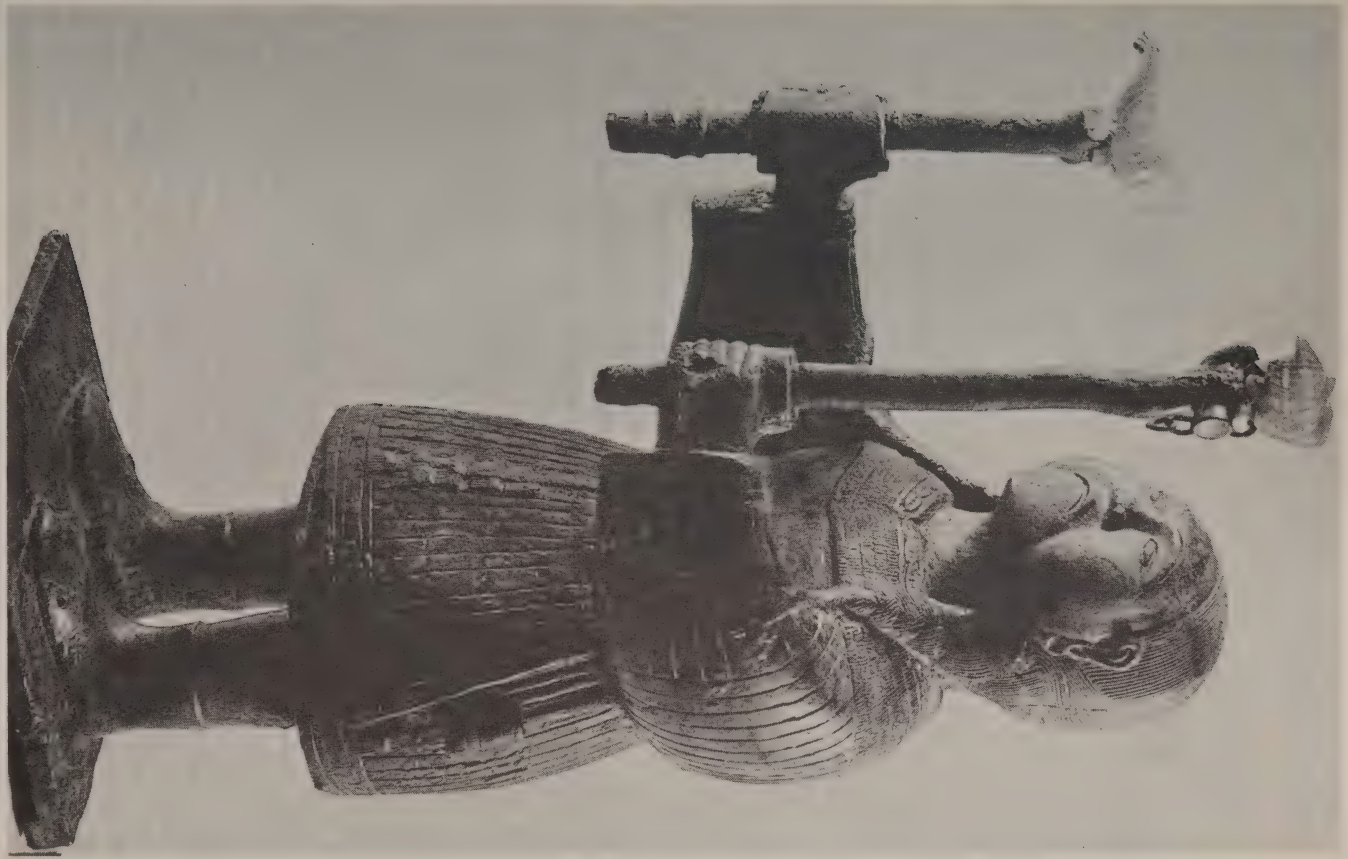
Progress

"For a man of western culture," I said, "it is of course difficult to believe and to accept the idea that an ignorant fakir, a naive monk, or a yogi who has retired from life may be on the way to evolution while an educated European, armed with 'exact knowledge' and all the latest methods of investigation, has no chance whatever and is moving in a circle from which there is no escape."

"Yes, that is because people believe in progress and culture." said G. "*There is no progress whatever.* Everything is just the same as it was thousands, and tens of thousands, of years ago. The outward form changes. The essence does not change. Man remains just the same. 'Civilized' and 'cultured' people live with exactly the same interests as the most ignorant savages. Modern civilization is based on violence and slavery and fine words. But all these fine words about 'progress' and 'civilization' are merely words."

From IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS by P.D. Ouspensky

Boston Museum of Fine Arts



Memories of Father

by LEON GERSTEN

THOSE who have fathers to embrace, to talk to, to connect with are lucky. Others, like me, who were robbed of them, must reach back in time to remember.

My father died tragically many years ago, victim of hard work and total commitment to family. He had fleshed out his dream but paid dearly for it. The vision of this man, once bristling with life and vigor, lying inert on a subway platform, struck down by an overtaxed heart, reminds me of the joy of appreciating those loved ones we have yet.

I flip the album of memory and see a tired figure enter our tenement apartment. His day in the sweatshops of the city shows in the lines of his face and his hunched shoulders. Yet, he draws on reserves of energy to greet us enthusiastically, to say a kind word, to fondle us. He is now a father and he knows it. As I sit across from him and watch the way he wolfs his food down, I know he has earned every bit of it. I stare at this man who has given me life and wonder what lies beneath that exhaustion.

It is not an unfamiliar story for many Americans: a young, scrawny lad leans against the rail of a boat already choked with people eager to make a new life. My father, having left all his brothers and one sister, is alone, all of twelve years old, as he peers toward the shores of America. Like many immigrants of that time, he was the hope of a family that scraped and saved to send him forth. Who knows, in America he could make money and, later, send for his sister, maybe even a brother or two. I hear he kissed the ground when he arrived, and even said, in broken English, "God bless America."

He passed on that blessing to me in many ways. I learned, early, the meaning of industry, of filial devotion, of integrity. A tailor by trade, he made his work well-known in the garment industry; he became a celebrity of cloth. I was proud when I discovered he was the fastest and ablest worker in the shop. The most intricate patterns were saved for his adroit fingers: no one else would do. He worked overtime, on Saturdays, sometimes late into the night. "Why does Daddy work so much?" I once asked. My mother answered simply, "So you and your brother can have the food you are now chewing." I came to understand his sacrifice, and soon appreciated it.

It is early Saturday morning, and the sun is not yet up. A whirring sound

awakens me with a start. I walk into the foyer and see my father huddled over a sewing machine, stitching fabric through with the precision of a craftsman. I inch over to watch. Why is he up so early, I wondered.

He finally notices me and bathes me in a smile. "Daddy, why are you sewing so early?" I ask. He tousles my hair, as he draws me close. It takes a while for him to speak, as his words are second to caressing. "Your new sport jacket," he points. "I'm making you something special, something you cannot buy in a shop." I stare at the blue garment and know that something miraculous will spring from the machine to my shoulders. There is magic to his fingers as he returns to his concentration and I retreat to bed.

I still have this jacket to remind me of my father. It lies in the corner of my closet, tucked neatly over a hanger. Sometimes I take it out to look at it and to remember. The remembering is a flood of tears. I would rather wear my memory than the jacket.

You see, he once asked me to come downtown to his shop to try that blue gaberdine jacket on so he could see if last-minute alterations would be necessary. I traveled on the subway a long way, a boy wayfarer in pursuit of his tailor father, and then got lost in the garment center. All the shops looked alike. When I located his, I asked where my father was. A portly man led me inside, into a massive room with machines humming away. The heat was intolerable, the workers pressed close, and sweat seemed to dance on naked chests. "Your son is here," the portly man announced. My father left his machine to hug me. Then he led me around to introduce me to the others. "This is my boy," he beamed.

"Your jacket fits nice," he concluded. "Here take it home, now. Don't get it dirty." I pressed it close as I left the shop, looking back at the suffocating atmosphere of a sweatshop, seeing my father arch his body over a machine that would soon weaken his heart and destroy mine. The jacket and my father are one.

I remember other things, of course — laughter, family closeness, my father sitting at the head of the table and giving thanks for the little we had. I remember the stories he told of the other country, of the old life, of the dream that somewhere it would be different. I could detect the pain in his voice as he recounted the struggles that were so characteristic of life across the ocean. I wanted so much to grasp what he had endured as a child, to feel what he had felt. I once asked him to describe his childhood for me. He looked across the table, measured me with his eye, and said, "It was not so good. Be thankful for what you have and what you are. To be a boy in America is the greatest blessing." I could trace the tears in his eyes as he said this.

Now there are tears in my eyes, for his words, for his ideals, for the inspiration he gave me. I didn't quite fathom what he had told me then, years ago, but now I relish the truth he conveyed. And the gift he has bestowed me I pass on to my own children, who look at me and try to understand what I wish them to know: to work hard, to be somebody important, to dream and hope, and to love beyond limits.

Lucky are they who have fathers to celebrate — I am fortunate, though, in having memories of a selfless man who changed my life.

Get Closer

Photo-essay by Tom Dunham

At first glance
The city is as lonely
As all the dispirited have said.
But get closer.
Where else do so many
Come together —
Come to be together?
I'm certain for every faceless exchange
There are hundreds of brief, shared moments —
A score never to be forgotten.
Get closer.

POLICE

Another Leaf

by WINIFRED H. FARRAR

No drifting leaf hits earth to stay unchanged,
Brownly snug within itself, or swallowed
By ground to lie eternally arranged,
Cannot do else but take the route followed
By every other leaf since time began.
Light breezes lift it toward the sun then drop
It through soft autumn air by ancient plan
To some destined spot where it finds new top,
Another vantage point, to wait awhile
Dreamfully stirred, fitfully tossed, in bed . . .
Cloud-covered, rain-sodden, but under smile
Of moon sometimes and sun which wakes the dead
At last. When every cell has been remade,
Another leaf is born through rising blade.

Photo by Cliff Moore

BOOK REVIEW

Why They Stay Away

by DIANA JANI DRUCK

THE UNCHURCHED (by J. Russell Hale, Harper & Row, $9.95) breaks the ground in a field of religious study that has largely been ignored up to now. J. Russell Hale, teacher and Director of the Advanced Studies Program at Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, describes his purpose as classification of the unchurched, those who do not participate in organized religion. His study is qualitative and descriptive rather than quantitative or statistical.

> "The argument of this book is that unchurchedness is a significant social phenomenon and a legitimte field of inquiry. The research methods appropriate to the task will remain in dispute, as will the theories that generalize the findings . . . In this exploratory study, a primitive beginning has been made."

Hale immersed himself in his subject and has come up with a number of portraits of his subjects that are readable, informative, and interesting to future researchers in the field as well as those who take a more personal interest. His method is based on interviews with his subjects; his portraits reflect how they see themselves. He chose six counties across the United States in which to conduct his research and his interviews. All six have unusually high percentages of the unchurched: Waldo County, Maine; Polk County, Oregon; Boone County, West Virginia; Marion County, Alabama; Sarasota County, Florida; and Orange County, California. In the second chapter, he gives us excerpts of the actual stories told to him by three of his subjects as representative biographical types. He then goes on to describe the counties he visited, and then the various reasons people are unaffiliated with the church.

Spending about four weeks in each county, Hale researched its demographics, its history, and absorbed the mood and spirit and way of life of each as a community. He uses this information about the communities in which his subjects reside as a backdrop against which to paint the pictures of the various ways the unchurched see themselves.

Polk County, Oregon, and Waldo County, Maine are notable for the staunch independence and individualism of their people, both with their own brands of it. In Maine, the attitude is "we all mind our own business", while in Oregon it seems to be a little fiercer: "I have my interests, and you have yours, so stay out of my way". Orange County, California has been called a "microcosm of the United States." Hale describes it as not so much stereotypical as prototypical, a harbinger of the future of our country:

> "The sacred quality of religion as exhibited in the churches is, for most, gone. In its place, to fill the void, comes hedonism or technology or family or civil religion. Each is a form of authentic secularity, perhaps epitomized in Orange County more than elsewhere in the nation. Not that Orange is an isolate; rather that Orange's secularity provides a window through which we see the direction America may be heading."

Hale found a harsher quality of life in the remaining two counties in West Virginia and Alabama. In Boone County, West Virginia, where "coal is king", and life is hard, tent-meeting revival conversions seem to be more common than regular weekly church-going. Many of the unchurched find the more traditional churches dull and the Pentacostal churches too rigid in their prescriptions for moral behavior. In Marion County, Alabama, where industrialization is just beginning to have its impact, Hale found the stories of the unchurched to be "uniformly sad — tales of hurts and tragedy and wistfulness." Many of the poor, the blacks, and the aging felt exploited, ignored, or not welcome in the churches.

From such observation, Hale was able to delineate ten categories that, while not to be taken as hard and fast divisions, are ways of organizing and talking about the reasons why many people no longer or never did belong to any organized religion. The Anti-institutionalists reject what they see as the church's preoccupation with its organizational structure, finance, politics, or self-maintenance. The Boxed-In are usually former church members who have left because they felt confined by doctrine or ethics. The Burned-Out often were energetically involved in the church and may feel they used up all they had to give. The Floaters are either completely outside of the church, which they were never really committed to, or they still drift in and out, never becoming very involved. The Locked-Out feel rejected, whether because of discrimination or disregard of the church's part, or disobedience on theirs. The Nomads wander from place to place and differ from the Floaters in that they may want to belong to a church, but feel alien in their communities. The Pilgrims are on a long, sometimes lifetime search for religious belief, and are unwilling to close their options prematurely. The Publicans see hypocrisy in the churches and their members. Most of the unchurched Hale interviewed expressed this view, as well as others. The True Unbelievers Hale subdivides into Atheists-Agnostics, Deists-Rationlists, and Humanists-Secularists. What he found seemed to conform with opinion polls that show that more than 95 percent of all Americans believe in God.

Hale is interested in studying the unchurched not only to break the ground for more objective study, but also as a Christian interested in what the findings mean for the church. His last chapter is entitled "The Unchurched and Evangelization" and in it he makes the point that for the church to evangelize, or to bring back or bring in for the first time the unchurched, it must understand why they are on the outside. However, while Mr. Hale's study will be helpful for this kind of endeavor, it also stands on its merits as a warm and understanding look into the hearts of the many who reject his faith. — Diana Jani Druck

MEDITATION

Goodman. — But my dear Sidrac, why do you always say *my thinking faculty* and not *my soul*? If you used the latter term I should under you much better.
Sidrac. — And for my part, I freely confess, I should not understand myself. I *feel*, I *know*, that God has endowed me with the faculties of thinking and speaking, but I can neither *feel* nor *know* that God has given me a thing called a soul.
Goodman. — Truly upon reflection, I perceive that I know as little about the matter as you do, though I own that I have, all my life, been bold enough to believe that I knew. In fact every human being, is sensible that he has a mind, and that this mind or intellect is capable of receiving ideas; but no one can feel that there is another being — a soul, — within him, which gives him motion, feeling and thought. It is, in fact, ridiculous to use words we do not understand, and to admit the existence of beings of whom we cannot have the slightest knowledge.
Sidrac. — Well! who bids you worship or pray to God? We praise a man because we think him vain; we entreat of him when we think him weak and likely to change his purpose on account of our petitions. Let us do our duty to God, by being just and true to each other. In that consists our real prayers, and our most heartfelt praises.

— VOLTAIRE: Dialogue upon the Soul

Fellowship in Prayer
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Suggested BOOKS

Following are some of the books which have been used in the preparation of this issue:

Teresa of Avila: **THE INTERIOR CASTLE**, The Classics of Western Spirituality, Paulist Press, New York, 1979.

BUDDHISM: A WAY OF LIFE AND THOUGHT by Nancy Wilson Ross. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1980.

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Let nothing disturb you,
Nothing frighten you,
All things are passing,
Yet God does not change.
Whom God possesses
In nothing is wanting.
Alone, God suffices.

— *Saint Teresa of Avila*

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